

## **You're Still the One** by **Luna0603**

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**Pairings:** Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

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**Summary:** A collection of unrelated Mileven one-shots spanning various situations. Some are canon, some are AU. Each chapter will be inspired by a different song relating to Mileven.

## 1. Perfect

A/N: Hello! I had an idea, and I am trying it out. I am constantly listening to music, and oftentimes I will be listening to a song and it will strike a connection to something in my mind. Specifically for the sake of this story, there are certain songs that just scream "Mileven" to me. So, I thought it would be fun to put together a collection of one-shots inspired by different songs that remind me of Mileven. These will not be "songfics," as I am not working the lyrics into the body of the story; but these are little stories that I will write after listening to a song that inspires something. The chapters will not be related to one another, so at the beginning of each chapter, I will set it up so you know when it is taking place. I'm not here to tell anyone how to live their lives, but if you want the full effect that I am going for (i.e. if you want to be extra, like me), feel free to listen to the song that inspired the chapter prior to reading the chapter. If not, and you're just here for fluffy stories, that's cool too! I hope you enjoy them!

Inspiration song: "Perfect" by Ed Sheeran. This song could have literally been written for Mike and El.

Setting: November 1985, directly following the events of season 3.

Disclaimer: I do not own Stranger Things or any of its original characters. I also do not own "Perfect" by Ed Sheeran.

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Mike plugged the radio into the outlet behind the Byers' new house and double checked that he had grabbed the right cassette tape. Despite the chilly November air, Mike's palms were sweating. He tugged at the hem of his sweater and smoothed his hands over the front of his khakis, closed the cassette into the radio that was sitting on the concrete patio, and exhaled deeply, waiting patiently.

This was his last night in Indianapolis. In the morning, he and Nancy were driving back to Hawkins, and Monday morning he would be

back at school. He wouldn't be able to see El again until Christmas break.

Thanksgiving had been wonderful. He and Nancy arrived Wednesday night, and Mike would never forget the way El had jumped into his arms on the front porch, almost knocking him backwards down the front steps. Thursday during Thanksgiving dinner, they had all gone around the table saying what they were thankful for, and when it was El's turn, she had said how thankful she was to Joyce, Jonathan, and Will for welcoming her into their family before squeezing Mike's hand under the table and adding that she was thankful he was able to be there.

El always had a way of making Mike melt. She was the only thing that made him speechless, and Mike knew that even with El's powers gone, he was truly defenseless against her. He was putty in her hands, and he would do anything to see her smile even for second. That's why he found himself standing outside in the cold night air on his last night in town.

"I can't wait for you to visit over Christmas," Mike had said early that afternoon as he and El sat on the couch in the family room, El snuggled into his side while they watched a cheesy Christmas movie on the television.

"I won't be there until the day after Christmas," El had reminded him, the disappointment thick in her voice. Joyce had agreed to drive El and Will to Hawkins on December 26 and allow them to stay a whole week so they could spend New Years with their friends. El had thanked her, as she genuinely was grateful, but she was still sad that she wouldn't be spending Christmas Day with Mike.

"So we'll have our Christmas one day late," Mike shrugged and pulled her closer. "We get to spend an entire week together." El nodded and wrapped her arm around Mike's waist, but he noticed there was still a trace of sadness in her smile.

"What's wrong?" he asked. El looked up at him and hoped he didn't think she would sound childish.

"It's just that Max told me we'll miss the Snow Ball since we're coming

so late. So I won't be able to go to the dance with you again," El revealed sheepishly.

That's when Mike had gotten his idea. He had thought about it during the rest of the movie, and afterward he had told El that he had a surprise for her. He had told her to pick out a dress, but a warm dress, and meet him in the backyard at 8PM.

Now, he was standing on the patio, his hands in his pockets to keep them warm, and his watch read 7:58. Mike sniffed and rubbed his nose which was cold to the touch, and he started to wonder if this had been such a good idea after all. He didn't want El to get too cold or get sick. Plus, what if she thought he was being too cheesy?

Every ounce of doubt fled Mike's mind when the patio door opened and El stepped outside. Mike's mouth dropped open, and he nearly forgot to breathe when his eyes rested on his girlfriend. She wore a red long-sleeved velvet dress with a black belt around the waist. The dress ended at her knees, and El's legs were covered in black tights. El walked slowly toward Mike who was planted into the ground.

"Mike?" she asked timidly.

"El, you're gorgeous," Mike marveled, though he knew 'gorgeous' was no where near enough to describe the angel in front of him. She smiled and blushed at his words which warmed Mike's heart, and he forgot how cold he had been moments before.

"So, what is the surprise?" El asked, reminding him of why he had asked her to meet him out here in the first place.

"Oh, right! Uh," Mike looked at the radio on the ground and then back to El. "I know that you were upset about missing the Snow Ball this year, so I thought maybe I could bring the Snow Ball to you." He cringed internally at his choice of words, but El's smile somehow spread even wider across her face, and Mike smiled back, relieved that she didn't find his gesture too cheesy.

"You want to dance with me here?" El asked.

"El, I would dance with you anywhere," Mike blushed.

He leaned down to click the 'play' button, and the cassette started a familiar tune through the speakers. Mike held out his hand for El to take, and he led her to the edge of the patio and into the grass. He let go of her hand, and El instinctively wrapped her arms around Mike's neck while he rested his hands on her waist as they swayed to the music filling the night sky.

The words to "Every Breath You Take" took El back to the first time they had danced together, and Mike smiled at the look on her face when he was certain that she recognized the song. In his mind, Mike had started considering this *their* song, even though they had only danced to it the one time.

He looked down and met El's eyes gazing up at him in adoration, and Mike knew in that moment that he had everything he would ever need in life. He knew he would be eternally grateful for that night when he unexpectedly stumbled upon a lost, scared child in the woods. How was he to know that he had actually stumbled upon the love of his life? He thought back to each time she had saved him... saving his life at the quarry, sacrificing herself to destroy the demogorgon, closing the gate, putting herself between him and Billy after nearly being choked to death, and of course battling the Mind Flayer. She was badass. Bitchin'. She was the strongest, most incredible and selfless person Mike knew, and for some reason that Mike was not sure he would ever fully understand, she wanted to be with him.

"Mike?" El's quiet voice pulled him from his admiration. "What are you thinking about?"

"You," he answered simply. "And how amazing you are... and beautiful. So beautiful."

"I think you are amazing too," El smiled. "I wish you didn't have to leave tomorrow. I wish we could just be together all the time."

Mike would be lying if he said he didn't feel the same way. He looked into her loving brown eyes and knew those would be the same eyes staring back at him in eighty years after a life full of love, happiness, and adventure. After decades of seeing the world together. After raising children and creating their own traditions to pass on. After

every argument ending in hugs and kisses, and after every trial and obstacle life throws their way to overcome. Even at fourteen years old, Mike knew he was holding his soulmate, and he would never let her go. So when El said that she wishes they could be together all the time, Mike smiled and leaned his forehead against hers.

"Someday we will be," he murmured to her.

El pulled his face closer to hers until their lips met, and she kissed him softly. Mike returned the gentle kiss, pulling back after a moment and letting his lips linger against hers, feeling her hot breath on his cold skin.

"I love you," Mike said quietly.

"I love you too," El smiled. She moved her arms from his neck and wrapped them around his waist, hugging him tightly as she rested her head against his chest. El closed her eyes and breathed in deeply, taking in Mike's scent and feeling the steady pound of his heartbeat while they swayed to the music playing in the background.

They stayed this way for two more songs, and Mike began to wonder if it was possible for El to have fallen asleep on her feet leaning against him, when he suddenly felt a cold, wet speck on his cheek. Mike looked down at El and saw several small white flakes dazzling her red dress. He looked up at the black sky and saw swirls of white snowflakes falling around them.

"El, it's snowing," he nudged her, and El raised her head from his chest to look around. Her face lit up in delight, and as snowflakes landed in her hair, the glow from the patio light illuminated them, creating the illusion that El was shining. Mike couldn't take his eyes off of her; she truly was an angel.

"Thank you for doing all of this," El said finally. "It's perfect."

That's it. That's the word Mike was looking for; the only word that could truly describe her.

"You're perfect," Mike whispered, lifting her chin and meeting her lips for another soft kiss. El rested her head against Mike's chest again,

and they were the only two people in the world. Tomorrow, they would separate again and life would continue on until the next time they could be together. But tonight, it was just Mike and El, and that was all they needed.

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**A/N: I hope you liked it! If this is generally well-received, I will continue this collection. I have a running list of songs spanning various decades and genres that will be inspiring upcoming chapters. Leave me a review and let me know what you think!**

## **2. Can't Fight This Feeling**

**A/N:** Welcome to the second installment of this collection. Remember, each chapter is its own story and they are not connected to one another. If I choose to do a multi-chapter arc at some point, I will let you know when it happens.

**Jenicakrung:** Aww thank you!

**Guest:** No, none of this is related to Tied Together With A Smile or any of my other stories. This is its own thing : )

**39CluesStrangerThingsFan-Star:** Thank you! I've liked Ed Sheeran much longer than I've watched Stranger Things, and I always thought "Perfect" was the perfect (no pun intended) wedding song. Then I watched Stranger Things, and I was like, NOPE, "Perfect" is THE Mileven song.

**Phieillydinyia:** Thank you!

**Guest:** Thank you so much. There will definitely be more of these. I don't have a set number of chapters in mind, so I'll just keep writing them as I think of them!

**Song:** "Can't Fight this Feeling" by REO Speedwagon. Y'all know I had to.

**Setting:** Between seasons 2 and 3. After the events of the Snow Ball.

**Disclaimer:** I do not own Stranger Things or any of its original characters. I do not own "Can't Fight this Feeling" by REO Speedwagon.

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Mike lay wide awake staring up at the ceiling. He restlessly turned his head toward the clock on his nightstand. 11:27PM. He wasn't very sleepy, and it wasn't very late yet. During Christmas break, Mike's parents didn't really enforce a bedtime, so Mike could generally go to bed whenever he wanted. Tonight, he had laid down at 10PM, not



because he was sleepy, but because his body was physically tired. His mind was wide awake, running a thousand miles a minute, making it impossible for slumber to overcome him. That's how it had been every day this week.

Every day since the Snow Ball.

El had looked absolutely stunning in that dress with her hair styled and makeup done. Mike would never forget the sparks that flew when he took her hand to lead her onto the dancefloor and how his heart had melted as they started swaying to the music and all the uncertainty had disappeared from El's face. She hadn't known how to dance; she knew that nobody at the school other than Mike and their friends knew who she was. But despite her insecurities, she still showed up. For him.

She always showed up for him. When Troy was about to pummel Mike to the ground after Mike had shoved him in the gym, El was there. When Troy made Mike jump off that cliff at the quarry, likely to his death, El was there. When he and the entire party, Hopper, Joyce, Nancy, Steve, and Jonathan were about to be killed by demodogs, El was there. Mike's admiration of El grew every day, and not even just because of her ability to save him with her powers.

As Mike lay there, unable to sleep, he thought about the cute look of confusion that would cross El's face when she heard a word or phrase she didn't know; the look of satisfaction when she mastered something new; the adorable dimples on her cheeks when she smiled at him or laughed at one of his jokes. He wanted to be the one to make her smile like that every day.

Why hadn't he told her how he felt at the dance? Sure, he kissed her, and she kissed him back. But Mike hadn't been able to find the courage to tell her how he felt about her. After all, he was some skinny, dorky kid in AV club who spent his time at the arcade or playing D&D with his friends. And El was beautiful. She could do way better than Mike, and he knew that... but did she *want* to?

Mike knew that El kissed him back, and he was pretty sure that she liked him as much as he liked her, but until he actually put himself out there, he had no way to know that he and El were really anything

more than just good friends. He hadn't seen her in a whole week, hadn't heard her voice or felt her touch. What if she thought they *were* just friends? What if Mike keeps beating around the bush too long, and any feelings El may have for him go away? What if he keeps doubting himself and keeping his feelings inside, and he never actually gets to be with the only person he has ever wanted to be with?

He couldn't let that happen.

Mike tossed his blankets off and quickly pulled on a pair of gray sweatpants. He grabbed his jacket and snuck quietly downstairs, knowing his parents and sisters were sleeping in their rooms down the hall. He made it to the garage and hopped on his bike, heading out into the cold December night.

There was no traffic at this time of night. Mike was the only one on the road, and he was pedaling like his life depended on it. He made it across town in record time, his lungs feeling like they were on fire. But he had to see El.

When Mike reached the woods, it became a little trickier to bike through the sticks and mud. Luckily it hadn't snowed, but the terrain still slowed him down a bit. Soon, Hopper's cabin came into view. Mike saw the silhouette of the small house getting closer and closer with each gasp of cold air.

The house was dark. Its silhouette was only illuminated by the moon and stars in the sky. All the lights were out, except one. As Mike got closer, he saw one small square of light; it was a dim light, probably shielded by the curtains. Mike knew it was El's bedroom. He ignored the protesting pain in his chest and pedaled even harder, drawn to that window like a ship to shore. He knew she was in there. He could feel himself getting closer to her.

Finally, Mike reached the cabin. He road right up to El's window and gently laid his bike down underneath it. Mike was sweating despite the cold air, and he wiped his forehead before placing his hands on his knees for a moment and gasping for air. After he was able to sort of compose himself, Mike reached forward and softly tapped on El's window. He waited. Nothing happened. He reached forward to tap

again, slightly harder. This time, he saw El's unmistakable form appear and walk cautiously toward the window. She pulled the curtain away, and Mike held his breath at how beautiful she looked, even so late at night. El was wearing flannel pajama pants and a Hawkins PD t-shirt that hung below her thighs. Her hair was messily hanging above her shoulders as she lifted the window up.

"M-Mike?" she asked.

"Hi," Mike breathed. He stood there for a moment, taking in the sight of the girl he had gone a whole week without.

"What are you doing here?" El asked slowly. "It is so late."

Mike glanced at his watch and saw that it was midnight. He saw El shiver from the cold air that was freely spilling into her room, and she wrapped her arms around the front of her body.

"I needed to see you," Mike replied. "C-can I come in?"

El glanced cautiously behind her at the closed bedroom door. Mike knew that El wanted to respect Hopper's rules and wishes, but he hoped she would let him come inside. She turned back to face him with a small smile on her face and nodded. Mike hoisted himself up on the windowsill, and El helped pull him through the opening into her bedroom. When she turned to face him after closing the window, El noticed how hard he was still breathing.

"Are you okay?" she asked, stepping toward him in concern. Mike nodded.

"Yeah, I just... need to catch my breath," he said. "I g-got here... as fast as I could."

"You should sit," El reached up to touch his flushed cheek and quickly pulled her hand back, surprised that his skin was as cold as ice. "Mike, you're freezing."

"I know," he breathed. Mike finally had control of his breathing again and his heart rate was returning to normal as the heat from the room started to thaw his body.

"Mike, why did you come here so late?" El asked again.

She was a mere inches away from him. Her big brown eyes were staring up at him filled with both concern and adoration. Her soft pink lips were slightly parted, and without a second thought, Mike took one step to close the gap between their bodies, and his lips were crashing into hers. He placed his hands on El's waist while she moved hers up into his hair, and Mike felt all the warmth return to his body as he kissed her.

"I missed you, El," Mike murmured when he had pulled back, his forehead pressed against hers.

"I missed you too," El replied, snaking her arms between his t-shirt and unzipped jacket and hugging him tightly. Mike lifted El's chin and softly kissed her again.

"El, do you know what it means when I do that?" he asked.

"When you k-kiss me?" El asked, and Mike nodded.

"Yeah," he said.

"Before you kissed me the first time... in the cafeteria... before the 353 days," El started softly. "You told me that you l-liked me as... *more* than a friend. Mike, what is m-more than a friend?"

"It means I don't think of you the same way I think of Will or Lucas or Dustin or Max," Mike explained. "It's like, you have this special place in my... in my heart. And I just want to see you and talk to you and be with you, like all the time."

El smiled shyly and blushed a bit as she looked down. Mike used one hand to raise her chin back up so his eyes met hers once again before continuing.

"And the reason I want to be with you all the time is because you're so beautiful, El, and you're so smart and brave and bitchin'." El giggled, and Mike tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear with a soft smile before continuing. "It's just... I don't always think that highly of myself. But when I'm with you, it's like all those insecurities – the bad thoughts – they don't matter. You just make me feel like

I've never felt before. And I can't keep it inside any longer. I wanted you to know exactly how I feel about you, because I never, ever want to lose you."

"You won't," El whispered. She raised a hand to cup the side of Mike's face. "I have in-se-cur-i-ties... bad thoughts... too. But with you I feel... safe. I want to be with you all the time too, Mike."

Mike met her lips again with his and kissed her deeply, wrapping his arms tightly around her frame, not wanting to ever let go.

"Stay with me tonight?" El asked timidly against his chest.

"Uh, wouldn't you be afraid of Hopper catching us?" Mike asked. El tilted her head, and Mike heard the bedroom door's lock click. She looked up at him, and he couldn't help but chuckle at the smirk on her face.

"Okay, but I'll still have to leave really early so he doesn't suspect anything," Mike relented. El nodded and took his hand, leading him to her bed. He took off his jacket and shoes and crawled into bed next to her, wrapping one arm around her shoulders as she rested her head on his chest. "El, can I turn off the light?"

"Um," El blushed. "I usually sleep with the light on... Don't like the dark."

Mike nodded his understanding, his heart aching for her because he knew this fear was a result of her upbringing in that *place*.

"That's okay," Mike said, kissing the top of her head. "I can sleep with the light on, as long as you feel safe and comfortable."

He slipped his hands under the hem of El's shirt and rested his hands on her back, just craving the feel of her soft, warm skin on his. El snuggled even closer into him, and after a moment, Mike felt El lightly jerk her head against his chest, and the bedroom light turned off. They both fell into their first peaceful sleep all week, cuddled into each other, just the way they were meant to be.

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**A/N: Thank you for reading. I hope you enjoyed this chapter. If you have any requests for a one-shot, feel free to mention it in the reviews or send me a PM. Please leave me a review and let me know what you think!**